

AA-E#9IK

february 1981

2ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

AREN'T YOU PEOPLE  
ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES?

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APA-Filk is a quarterly Amateur Press Association devoted to filksongs, discussions of filksongs and minimalist covers by Mark Blackman, since no one else will do them for me. The Management consists of Mr. Lipton.

This collation is available to non-contributors for \$1.25 plus postage costs; contributors receive it for postage costs alone. To be a contributor, you must get in at least one page a collation or four pages during the past year. Everyone is liable for expenses. If you don't want to xerox or run off your material yourself, I can mimeograph your stencils (Gestetner 9-hole) for 40¢/sheet. If you don't have stencils, I have an electrostencilling machine and can work from white sheets. Electrostencils cost 30¢/page. Under any circumstances, send me a few bucks and I will do the small amount of bookkeeping involved.

All back issues except #1 are available at \$1.75 each plus postage. However, since the Management has moved recently, it will be a while before matters are sorted out sufficiently to distribute them.

If you wish to contribute to APA-Filk, please do your contribution with wide margins, as some people like to tear out pages and place them in a loose-leaf binder. Lee Burwasser is doing an index of the songs herein. I think that's it, except that I should note that

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# STRUM UND DRANG

Vol. III #1

SuD

Roodmas

"Why don't you two write songs?"

-- attributed to John Boardman

O.K., John.

This one hasn't a title. It's dedicated to the K.D.C. The tune is 'Banks of Sicily'.

/untitled/

We fry in the sun and we freeze in the shade;

Our deaths are the rocks of which futures are made.

Hide while you can, if you're that much afraid:

No war was won without bleeding.

/CHO/ Drive on; whether rockets or fusion,

It's driving that matters, and not how it's done.

If you stop, you fall; if you fall, you're forgotten:

No war was won without bleeding.

We dine on our hopes, and we feast on our dreams;

The future is ever receding, it seems.

But look out at the sky, where the starlight still gleams:

No war was won without bleeding.

/CHO/

You can call it a virtue, or call it a crime.

Move ahead! or we're dead as a race for all time.

We can reach for the stars, or fall back in the slime:

No war was won without bleeding.

/CHO/

(cont)

(cont)

We do what we have to, and not what's allowed.  
Stand where you are! for we're moving out now.  
Our lives on the line, but to Khaless we vow:  
We won't be the only ones bleeding.

/CHO/ Drive on; whether rockets or fusion,  
It's driving that matters, and not how it's done.  
If you stop, you fall; if you fall, you're forgotten:  
No war was won without bleeding.

This next is old in that I wrote it some years ago, but I never got it launched properly, so it's new to just about everyone.

D E R E L E C T

(tune: 'the Highwayman' /Phil Ochs/)

Dead, and yet immortal:                      Beginning, yet an end.

A wal, and yet a portal:                      Stranger, yet a friend.

What wanderlust divinity called them out to roam?

And where in all infinity is the world that they called home?

Space is huge and barren, with now and then a spark.

Each with a cave to lair in, and all afraid of the dark.

No more to gods beseeching, for aid beyond our ken;

Now with mortal hands outreaching, we shall never be lonely again.

What far skies did they wander? Was ever a range so vast?

What fate met them yonder? Did they see it at the last?

Destiny is flexile. Was it weal for them, or woe?

Was it rescue? death? or exile? Oh, shall we ever know?

Arrived from: we know not whither;                      Bound for: we know not where.

Fate has brought us hither;                      Fate will lead us there.

We meet as total strangers. Our paths must cross and part.

If we live, we must live as rangers, yet heart may remain with heart.

(cont)



(cont)

Behold: a tiny fraternity, huddled about the light,  
Crying against eternity, as a child cries in the night.  
Is it only our echo returning? our cries of a moment past?  
Are there other watchfires burning? Have we found our friends at last?

Space is huge and barren, with now and then a spark.  
Each with a cave to lair in, and all afraid of the dark.  
No more to gods beseeching, for aid beyond our ken;  
Now with mortal hands outreaching, we shall never be lonely again.

The second/sixth verse may be used as a chorus, if you and your audience can take eight verse-equivalents. Or throw it in wherever you think it will do some good. I don't know if I can transcribe Ochs' tune for 'the Highwayman' for this quarter; If not, I'll do it for nextish.

#### INDEX

It takes time to put an index together. And more time to type it. Once again, it will stretch over more than one issue. There has been so little reporting of songs sung that I'm dropping the whole idea of cumulations; this is the index of songs appearing in APA-FILK #s 5 thru 8, period. It starts at the end of this SuD.

and while I'm on the bibliographic side:

This STRUM UND DRANG, put out by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton St #5, Hyattsville MD 20781, for the express purpose of rotting the minds of all who come within reading distance of APA-FILK.

#### T W A N G S

ANAKREON (Boardman): Are you under the delusion that you can publish verses faster than we can write them? // The right edges of your even numbered pages printed so light that I can scarcely read them. I also note a blotch of ink in the area. Are you breaking in a new machine, or wheedling an old one?

SOMETHING OF NOTE (Lipton): Would you rather do without? There are those, for instance, who enjoy that old 10" LP of SONGS BY TOM LEHRER, studio sounds and all. A less than sublime recording of GODS GONE MAD is one helluva lot better than nothing.

SingSpiel (Blackman): Actually, I doubt a shaman would be offended.

SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM (Middleton): That line about the people who sing 'Mary O'Meara' deserves immortalising, but in what?

R S V P (Snow): Don't be impatient; you'll pick up the slang in time. 'Sturgeonising' is my own idiom; in this context, it means taking out the 90% that's junk and putting out a smaller but better quality product. Even taking out the worst 10% of the 90% would have been a help.

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER (Kare): I picked up WESTERFILK COLLECTION at PhilCon. Possibly the best buy of the weekend. // You're right about '50 Tribbles'. It needs Harold's delivery to be effective.

FOaN (Groot): How you chord the thing is up to you. Every performer gives a different interpretation, as we learned trying to sing 'STL' together at PhilCon. // REPRINTS FROM "SING OUT" volume 7 copyright 1964 credits 'See the Beatniks (an ode to nonconformity)' to one Burt Siegel.

in re the belated last page of FOaN, Styrbjörg says:  
"Ahem! I am not as dense as that Dutchman makes me out. It was obvious what a 'shoe-lace' was. What confused Hel out of me was that I wasn't waring shoon. Now if he'd said 'Your sandal-thong is untied . . . '"

SILLY SYMPHONIES (Snow): Fragments can be amusing or frustrating. When I heard 'Hurdy Gurdy Man', I shifted a single syllable in the first stanza to get: " ... opened my eyes to take a peek/To find that I was by the sea/Gazing at Tranquility" // Let the bawdry wait for a couple of years. Meanwhile, study the Elizabethans.

This gives

me a hook for:

## n o o d l i n g s MISCONCEPTIONS OF BAWDRY

### Misconception #1: Bawdry is simple

Bawdry is a specialized form of any given lyric tradition. It's not something you can just dash off -- not if it's going to be worth singing. Bawdy folk songs take more, not less work than non-bawdy folk style; bawdy art songs are more, not less demanding than their non-bawdy sib.

Bawdry is funny, or witty, or at least clever, if there's any point to it at all. A bawdy song that isn't funny (or witty, or clever) is going to be forgotten in nothing flat. Nobody's going to sing it. And funny, witty, clever songs are hard work.

### Misconception #2: Bawdry is shocking

At one time there was a whole mess of plays that ended on some shock instead of a real climax or denouement. When we read them today, we aren't shocked, and we ask where's the rest of the play. (All right, the hero's gay -- what else is new?)

Mind you, this is moralistic shock. The shock of discovery, of incongruity, or of a horrendous pun, is absolutely in the bawdy tradition. The more of these shocks, the better.

But humor that depends solely on shocking the moralistic conventions is a failure. Look at all those references to cuckolds in Shakespeare, that leave modern audiences cold. The silly and fantastic scrapes that people get into over sex are always funny;



the bare mention of something currently shocking is a funny-once. At best.

Misconception #3: Dirty Words (!) make it bawdry

Lines like "kiss my ruddy bum" do not make 'Sam Hall' a bawdy song. Total absence of dirty-wordies does not make 'a Clean Song' any the less bawdy. It is not in the least indicative.

Of course, you do run into frank terminology in bawdry. Considering the subject matter, it would be odd if you didn't. But you find explicit expletives in many songs that are not bawdy, and there are many bawdy songs with not a suggestive word in them.

Misconception #4: Anything involving sex is bawdry

Lots of collectors fall into this one. I mentioned above that 'Sam Hall' is not a bawdy song. Neither is 'Frankie and Johnny'. These are murder ballads, a whole other tradition that is quite distinct from bawdry. Many of them involve sex in the motive -- usually either jealousy or an inconvenient pregnancy -- but the treatment is entirely different.

Murder ballads are supposed to be tragic, or anyway serious, and more often than not are moralistic. Where a murder ballad involves sex, it's either the straying lover getting killed for it ('Frankie & Johnny'), the infanticidal mother promised damnation by the ghosts of her children ('the Cruel Mother'), or the pregnant girl killed off by her lover ('Banks of the Ohio'). Sometimes ('Lily of the West') the jealous murderer kills a rival instead of the lover.

In any case, the tone of the murder ballad is quite different from that of the bawdy song. Bawdry is humorous and irreverent; murder ballads are serious and moralistic, with the wrongdoers -- sexual as well as homicidal -- either repentant or dead or both. Bawdry celebrates the exploits it narrates; murder ballads usually do not. The murder ballad that comes closest to bawdry in style and tone is the completely nonsexual 'Lizzy Bordon'. ("No, you can't chop your mother up in Massachusetts;/ Massachusetts is a far cry from New York.")

One set of unfunny songs that has to be included in bawdry because they're about sex is too many of the 'Jolly Tinker' songs. Most of them are about as humorous as a funeral and as subtle as a sledgehammer. I can only think of two that are funny, both in the Elizabethan extended-metaphor style; unlike their tiresomely over-explicit subject-mates, they never mention sex per se at all.

Another partial exception is the learn-as-you-sing type. 'Roll Me Over' is the best known. The extreme form of this is 'Ballochy Bill', that doesn't even rhyme. The point of these is that near-identical verses, or solo parts that need no invention at all, makes for something that everyone can sing, even at first meeting. These songs merge into the common stream of bawdry with songs like 'Roll Your Leg Over', which are supposed to be clever and sometimes are.

Time to cut the cackle and get to the horses. Here's one of the Jolly Tinker tradition that's actually funny. The heroine is no relation to her more well-off neighbor, the baliff's daughter.

# the Comely Maid of Islington

the Comely Maid of Islington (Jolly Tinker)



A comely maid of Islington had got a leaky copper.

The hole that let the liquor run was wanting of a stopper.

A jolly tinker undertook, and promised her most fairly,

With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock

He'd do her business rarely.

He turned the vessel to the ground. Said he, "A good old copper.  
But it well might leak, for I have found a hole in it that's a whopper.  
But never doubt a tinker's stroke, altho he's black and surly;  
With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock  
He'll do your business surely."

The man of metal opened wide his boudget's mouth to please her.  
Said he, "This tool I've oft employed about such jobs as these are."  
With that, the jolly tinker took a stroke or two most kindly:  
With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock  
He did her business finely.

As soon as he had done the feat, he cried, "It's very hot, oh.  
This thrifty labor makes me sweat. Bring me a cooling pot o'."  
Said she, "Bestow the other stroke, before you make your farewell,  
With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock  
And you may drink a barrel."

This is an extended metaphor; there are two stories going on at the same time. Note the difference between metaphor and euphemism. A metaphor is a literary technique, a means of adding depth. Euphemism is a coy method of sniggering. There's nothing coy about any of the Jolly Tinker songs, but this one eschews the explicit for mor humorous and more demanding wordplay.



I've been writing filk of one kind or another for a decade or so, and all that time I've been an admirer of this Elizabethan style of bawdry. I haven't tried to write any yet; I've got a long way to go.

But I will try it now, to hearten the inexperienced. I've only done three verses; anyone who thinks she can finish it is welcome to try. The tune is the same, and I trust all will recognise the source of title and refrain.

# Filkers Do It 'Til Dawn

(tune: the Comely Maid of Islington)

When filking sessions start up, whether room or hall or stairwell,

The sun will be back in the sky before they make their farewell.

It is their faith, it is their boast: however put-upon,

With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock

The filkers go til dawn.

Evicted from the corridors because mundanes are scary;  
Chivvied by Security -- no wonder if they're wary.

But I resolved and undertook to test a filker's brawn.

With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock

The filkers go til dawn.

\* \* \* \*

His instrument was finely tuned, his fingers very cunning,  
His tongue so very nimble -- and his repertoire was stunning.

We made some pretty music there, me and that paragon:

With a thump-thump-thump and a nick-nack-nock

The filkers go til dawn.

h e r e i t i s

On the next page is a very rough approximation of how I sing the first verse of 'Derelect'. I shouldn't have said that it's the tune Phil Ochs wrote for "the Highwayman", because it isn't, quite.

For those of you who don't remember the 60s, Phil Ochs was one of the protest singers. Like too many of them, he didn't sing all that well. Like too few, he realised it, and developed a performance style that didn't need it. Rather than singing in the conventional sense, he did a sort of half-sung and half-chanted dramatic reading, to musical accompaniment. (He was a fine guitar player.)

I don't suppose he sang two verses the same way.



I don't think anyone using his music can sing two verses the same way, either. Especially not "the Highwayman".

For those of you who never read Alfred Noyes' "the Highwayman", it's done in quatrains with replicated fourth lines.

What-whats with WHAT?

Well, going by lines 1 to 3, you'd expect the first stanza to end:

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

Instead, it goes:

The highwayman came riding, riding, riding --  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

Phil Ochs' tune does the replications very nicely. I suspect that his song is more like what the poem was meant to sound like than any reading since the poet's own.

I did not mess with replications in 'Derelect', so they don't show in the music above.

And that's all there's time for. The weather's too cold to open the windows for proper ventilation, so I can't use Dick's Gestifax. Dick is doing some mysterious repro that I don't want to hear about but am grateful for. Otherwise, this would never have come out in time.



# T I T L E I N D E X

to APA-FILK #s 5 thru 8

Entries are in alphabetical order by title, with a few exceptions explained below. The order is: Title - Author - (Tune) - Zine Title and Number. Zine title will be shortened if not already short; key to abbreviations will appear at the end of the index, whenever that comes out. The second # is Apa-Filk issue.

Exceptions: Some songs are gathered into groups and entered alphabetically by their heading, as: army filk, school filk, short stuff, et cetera. They may or may not be alphabetized within heading. There may or may not be an entry for each song.

Adam Strange Song - Dana A Snow (Here, There & Everywhere) - Silly Sym #1 - #7

Air Canada - anon - (Oh, Canada) - Anakreon #4 - #5

Air Canada - anon - (Oh, Canada) - Get Your Filk - #7

Alf Tuchuksbane - Lee Burwasser - (British Grenadiers) - SuD v2 #1 - #5

army filk in #5

Army Chair Corps - (Wild Blue Yonder) - FOaN v2 #1

[fragment] Dirty Girty from Bizertie - QWxb!! 3

Glenwhorple Highlanders [Songs from the Front & Rear] - Anakreon #4

[unnamed British song] - (Peggy O'Neal) - Someone Else's Room #4

[unnamed British song] [War in the Air] = Someone Else's Room #4  
in #6

Bugout Boogie - Anakreon #5

assorted Nam filk - Anakreon #5

North Atlantic Squadron [Songs From the Front & Rear]

in #7

assorted marching songs - QWxb!!

in #8

marching chant - SoN #8

marching chant - SuD v2 #4

Art Show Blues - Mark Richards - (Song of Sixpence) - Tone-Deaf Bard #5 - #7

B E M - Jordin Kare - (Big Spender) - HDSQ #3 - #6

Ballad of the SS Troop - reprinted from SDS New Left Notes - Anakreon #5 - #6

Ballad of the Three Fans - Jordin Kare - (Ballad of the Three Kings) - HDSQ #4 - #8

Blowin' in the Wind (Daystar) - Harold Groot - (Blowin' in the Wind) - FOaN v2 #2 - #6

un Browning in Maschera [opera] - Al Nofi & John Boardman - Anakreon #4 - #5

"Cartoon Time" - Dana A. Snow - (Scarbobough Fair) - Silly Sym #2 - #8

the Columbus - Harold Groot - (Titanic) - FOaN v2 #2 - #6

DC-10 is Falling - Jordin Kare - (Babylon is Fallen) - HDSQ #2 - #5

Dippy Wizard - Scott Rosenberg - (Pinball Wizard) - Get Your Filk - #7

Don't Say You Weren't Warned - Harold Groot - (One of Those Wonderful Things) -  
FOaN v2 #1 - #5

# T I T L E   I N D E X   ( c o n t )

- Doomsday Machine - Harold Groot - (Johnny Verbeck) - FOaN v2 #2 - #6
- Dr Frankenstein - as sung by Lori Walls - (Clementine) - SoN #7 - #7
- Dr Frankenstein's Anatomy Lesson - Dana Snow - (Heart) - Silly Sym #1 - #7
- Dr Who & the Short Trip - Dana Snow - (Yesterday) - Silly Sym #1 - #7
- Drill Ye Dorsai, Drill - Harold Groot - (Drill Ye Terriers) - FOaN v2#4 - #8
- Dying Fisherman's Song - (Silver Threads Among the Gold) FOaN v2 #1 - #5
- excerpts - all in #7
  - unnamed song from Cox & Box - SoN #7
  - unnamed song from the Producers - SoN #7
  - from Wizard of Woodmere - Dick Trtek \_ (If I Only Had a Brain, We're Off to See)
  - Get Your Filk - #7
- [various 'Fantastic Four' songs to various tunes] - Silly Sym #2 - #8
- Fifty Ways to Kill Your Lover - Dana Snow - (Fifty Ways) - Silly Sym #2 - #8
- Filk is Just a Four-Letter Word - Harold Groot - (Love is Just) - FOaN v2 #4 - #8
- fragments
  - by Mark Blackman - SingSpiel #4 - #5
  - Chemist's Drinking Song - Jordin Kare - HDSQ #3 - #6
  - Dungeon Song - Lee Burwasser - (Tachanka) - SuD v2 #4 - #8
  - Imperium Compound - John Boardman - Anakreon #4 - #5
  - Song of the Shieldwall [MAikin & Peregryn] - John Boardman - (original) - Anakreon #4 - #5
  - Walloping Wind o'Blind - SoN #5 - #5
- Gay Frankie & Johnny - Dana Snow - (Frankie & Johnny) - Silly Sym #2 - #8
- Gen. Windischgrätz as the Cock Did Crow [Good Soldier Svejk] - Anakreon #5 - #6
- Gernsback Dollar - mostly Bob Lipton = (Greenback Dollar) - SoN #7 - #7
- Gonna Build an H-Bomb - Mark Blackman - (Gonna Climb a Mountain) - SingSpiel #4 - #5
- Good Ship Rolling Stone - Bob Lipton - (Merry Oldsmobile) - SoN #6 - #6
- Good Ship Venus variant [the Limerick]- MotS #2 - #5
- Greenman's Whale Fisheries [Cadaver, CCNYOC] - (Greenland Whale Fisheries) - FOaN v2 #2 - #6
- Harcourt Fenton Whozis - Dana Snow - Silly Sym #1 - #7
- Hello, Dalek - Mark Blackman - (Hello, Dolly) - SingSpiel #8 - #8
- Housewife - Dana Snow - (Bye Bye Blackbird) - Silly Sym #2 - #8
- I Found Jesus . . . - Brian Gister - (Idduno) - Get Your Filk - #7
- I Know the Plot - Marc Slasser - (I Do the Rock) - Beyond the Fringefan #41 - #5
- I'll Go Eat Worms - as sung by Marty Burke - Someone Else's Room #6 - #8
- If Only - Lew Wolkoff - (If I Only Had a Brain) - SoN #5 - #5
- If You're Going - Harold Groot - (If You're Going to San Francisco) - FOaN v2 #3 - #7
- Lady Mary - as sung by Joan Baez - SuD v2 #4 - #8
- Lady Mary (SCAdian) - Lee Burwasser - (Lady Mary) - SuD v2 #4 - #8



# ANAKREON

#9, APA-FILK Mailing #9.

1 February 1981

## FOR THE BENEFIT OF LOCAL FEN

by Matthew Marcus

(Tune: "For the Benefit of Mt. Kite"; reprinted from the fanzine Young Dillard #1, published by Philip J. De Parto)

For the benefit of local fen,  
Boardman's opened house again,  
on Saturday;  
The wargamers will all come out,  
discussing tactics with a shout,  
of yesterday.  
Whether PanzerBlitz or Microgames  
an expert's there, of that you can  
be sure;  
and the NATO alliance is winning the  
fray!

The fun begins at ten or so  
when up the first half dozen show  
and ring the bell.

Some try the puzzle right away,  
whose solving takes almost a day,  
but what the hell!

The discussion's ranging far and wide,  
from APA-Filk to kzinti pride,  
and back.

And the food disappears at incredible  
rates!

With so many gamers all about,  
a poker game starts up, no doubt;  
go up the stairs.

It's penny ante all the way,  
so it doesn't hurt to play;  
if you lose, who cares?

The game is "Anaconda" now,  
to play it you just don't know how;  
you'll learn.

When it's your deal, you will deal just  
as you feel!

Of laws and rules there's only one  
convention planning spoils the fun,  
so it ain't done.  
This doesn't mean that you can't speak  
of cons that you'll attend next week  
or those you'll shun.  
Or the costume judgments you have won,  
with neon staff or phaser gun  
as props,  
And an old sheet for a neat and magi-  
cal robe!

The time is three AM or so,  
the party now is getting low  
on verbal flow.

The upstairs crowd has wandered down;  
the cheese dip now is turning brown;  
time to go.

Your driver's running out of things to  
say about your local SF group.

Time to go, or you know,  
that you'll poop!

These verses commemorate the  
Boardmans' First Saturdays. On the first  
Saturday evening of each month, we hold  
here a highly informal get-together of  
science-fiction, fantasy, filksinging,  
and war-gaming fans. (ANAKREON readers  
are invited; see p. 2 for the address.  
Our phone number is 212-693-1579; call  
if you need travel directions.) Meet-  
ings are characterized by refreshments  
(Bring something if you like), jigsaw  
puzzles, games of poker or Monopoly,  
and an utter absence of parliamentary  
procedure.



## LOOK FOR THE TARA LABEL

We are probably fortunate that slavery was abolished in the 19th century. If it had lasted into the 20th century, it would have been caught up in the modern practice of advertising, and our century's superior ability to justify the dominance of those who dominate, and we'd never be rid of it. Instead, we'd have slave discount houses, purchase on credit, and January Black Sales. And there'd be singing commercials like this one, to the tune of "Look for the Union Label".

Look for the Tara label  
 When you are buying a field-hand or maid.  
 You know that we've got the hardest workers,  
 Who are not shirkers,  
 And girls - the best you've ever laid.  
 We whip hard, but who's complaining?  
 And if they try it, they're chained in their pen.  
 So always look for the Tara label,  
 That says we made it and the South has riz again!

The first line might have to be modified when this is sung. "Tara" could be easily mistaken for "Terra" or "terror". You might try something like "O'Hara's label" or "Rhett Butler's label".

## GETTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. It goes through APA-Filk, whose editor is Bob Lipton, 269-A W. 73rd St., New York, N. Y. 10023, and whom you should write for further details. The copy count is 50, and the next mailing will be collated on 1 May 1981. ANAKREON also goes to anyone else whom I think may be interested.

ANAKREON #10 will be yet another supplement to my collection of the Neo-Pagans' hymn "That Real Old-Time Religion". I have been getting a most gratifying response from Neo-Pagans and others, who have already collected or composed and sent in 253 verses. I expect to have at least 30 or 40 more by Beltane, which is the Pagan name for the next deadline date.

Silly Symphonies #1 (Snow): Thanks for running your verses for "That Real Old-Time Religion".

Something of Note #7 (Lipton): Only two verses for Lori Walls' "Frankenstein" parody? It deserves a full treatment, beginning with the circumstances under which Mary Shelley came to write the story in the first place (see my article in Isaac Asimov's S-F Magazine) and ending with the mess that Hollywood made of the original story. (Turning the articulate, pleading monster into a shambling mute!)

Strum & Drang (Burwasser): S'far as I know, "Green Hills of Earth" has a tune uniquely its own. I don't know who wrote it.

To judge from your description of it, the version of "The Cowpunchers' Whore" that you learned is the one that appears in the Vicarion collection.

The description of how to put together lines is badly needed, by myself among others. I've always had a weakness for alliterative verse. Once I tried my hand at writing English verse in fornythyslag - the four-beat, split-line, alliterative verse of the Icelanders. English being a Germanic language, it can be done fairly well. I am told that the very notion is inconceivable in, say, Italian.

Your STL should have been alongside Leslie Fish's verses in the Westerfilk Collection. Send it to Jordin for the second edition.

Tone-Deaf Bard #5 (Richards): White Rock did indeed once use "Sipping Cider Through a Straw" as the basis for a singing commercial. It was some 15 or 20 years ago, and I don't remember how it went.



The idea behind "Art Show Blues" was good, but you spoil it with too many false rhymes: "horns" and "morn", "pose" and "foe", etc.

There's a lot more scope for Marsupial Fandom if they write more verses for the extinct ones, which had an even wider variety than the ones still on hand. For example, there was the borhyaena, a sort of marsupial sabertooth; the phascolonus, a grazing wombat the size of a bear, and the thylacoleo, which had a tooth structure utterly unlike that of any other mammal, and so strange that we're still not sure what it ate.

QWXB!! (Baker): It was Al Nofi, not I, who pointed out in ANAKREON #5 that the U. S. Army is not a marching army. In one of his essays on his World War I service, Robert Graves described a song that started with the general, and then went down the ranks, pointing out the failings of each one. It begins "Do you want to know where the general is?"

The song you cite, that begins "I wish all the ladies were bats in a steeple" is an old one. In one form it goes back several centuries, and verses are quoted by Graves in The White Goddess. He attributes it to May Eve (Beltane) frolics, and has an 18th-century version:

"If all those young men were like hares on the mountain  
Then all those pretty maidens would get guns, go a-hunting.

"If all those young men were like fish in the water  
Then all those pretty maidens would soon follow after.

If all those young men were like rushes a-growing,  
Then all those pretty maidens would get scythes go a-mowing."

Note that in the older version, the women pursue and the men are pursued. As a student I learned a World War II version, with a chorus:

"I wish all the girls were like fish in the ocean.  
I'd be a shark and I'd teach them the motion.

CHORUS: Roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over,  
Oh roll your leg over the Man in the Moon.

"I wish all the girls were like bells in the towers.  
I'd be a clapper and bang them for hours.

CHORUS:

"I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits.  
I'd be a hare and I'd teach them bad habits."

CHORUS:

In some versions, each verse begins "If all the young ladies were..." I used to know 20 or 30 verses to this thing, and now that's all I can remember. Well, there was one other verse, but it rhymed "forest" with "clitoris", and I'm not going to inflict that one on anybody.

Usc Filksongs Old and New V.2, #3 (Groot): I've heard accounts of that Raymond-Variable heresy trial, and if you can make it into an acceptable narrative filk-song, more power to your elbow.

Silly Symphonies #2 (Snow): I kind of lost interest in Diane Duane's The Door into Flame when eight thousand talents of silver were loaded onto six mules. That's gross cruelty to animals.

And now, a gay version of "Frankie and Johnny"! A few years ago, there was a gay film advertised locally, with the title "Bob and Darryl and Ted and Alex".

Something of Note #8 (Lipton): Yes, whales have tails. Everything to the rear of the rudimentary pelvis is technically a tail.

This is,

O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflamm  
O Optic  
N Nerves

# 1049



The Jewish and Christian hymns "Rock of Ages" are even to different times. I can't see them as connected in any way except that they fortuitously have the same title.

Singspiel #8 (Blackman): You're right - it wasn't White Rock that was selling soda with "Sipping Cider through a Straw" - it was Hoffman's!

RSVP #1 (Snow): In the original German, the refrain in "The Maulbronn Fugue" was "A. V. K. L. W. H.", the initials of "All Voll, Kein Leer, Wein Her". In my translation, "A. F. N. E. F. D." stood for "All Full, None Empty, Fetch Drink". I chose those letters because all but one of them stands for a note in the traditional scale.

Brian Burley's address is P. O. Box 266, South Orange, N. J. 07679.

Hemidemisemiquaver #4 (Kare): A fannish curse on hotels is indeed effective. A Pick hotel in Chicago so badly mishandled the 1962 Worldcon that there hasn't been a Worldcon in any Pick hotel since.

### THE WESTERFILK COLLECTION: A REVIEW

At long last, APA-Filk contributor Jordin Kare has published The Westerfilk Collection - or "Westerfilk One" as I hope we will be able to call it. As Jordin informed us in the last Mailing, it is \$5.00 drilled for a 3-ring binder, or \$5.50 for a spiral bound edition, from "The Westerfilk Collection, c/o Teri Lee, 5213 Colusa Ave., Richmond Annex, Calif. 94804".

The principal virtue of The Westerfilk Collection is that it reprints, in one easily accesible form, twelve songs by Leslie Fish, the bard of the Space Age. Chief among them is her "Hope Eyrie", better known as "The Eagle Has Landed". I can never hear this song without the chills raising the hairs on the back of my neck. The landing on the Moon is placed within a context of hundreds of millions of years of history:

"The wave that carried us up the beach  
To reach for the shining sun.  
For the Eagle has landed; tell your children when.  
Time won't drive us down to dust again."

And tell them where, too! I never cease to wonder that men born of women after the common fashion have trodden the surface of the Moon.

Such songs as "Hope Eyrie" and "Starwind Rising" are confident expressions of hope for a species that had begun to doubt its own meaning, mission, and future. She has also set to music Kipling's great "Engineer's Hymn", adapting it to the greater ships that will sail the greater sea.

Fish, however, does not limit herself to the serious. You have probably heard "Banned from Argo" at any number of conventions. It is very cleverly written, since it describes a highly uproarious shore leave of the better-known members of the Starship Enterprise, without saying anything that could be regarded as actionable by NBC. The guardians of such successful dramatic presentations as Star Trek and Star Wars are not happy about filksongs, and would vigorously deny permission to print any of them. For example, you will probably never buy a record that contains Fred Kuhn's "Making Wookies", which is music's loss, and would do no harm to George Lucas in any case.

As welcome are the songs of Hal Frank, Bob Asprin, and Teri Lee glorifying Gordon Dixon's Dorsai mercenaries. If humanity is to get anywhere in that greater sea of space, or deserve to, it must rid itself of everything that the Dorsai stand for. A case can be made out for regarding as heroes the people who defend their homes against invasion and oppression. But no case at all can be made for the mercenary, and it is not a good symptom that there is currently a vogue for mercenaries. (Their trade journal Soldier of Fortune now appears on numerous New York City newsstands.)

If Leslie Fish shows a full-throated optimism for humanity's future in space, Jordin Kare is a bit more skeptical. He has parodied the "Engineer's



Hymn" with a "Bureaucrat's Hymn". "The Expansion Song" suggests that the colonization of space will just rape the universe's resources and give us more overcrowded planets, O'Neill cylinders, and Dyson spheres.

Teri Lee seems to regret the passing of the world of fantasy, in "Time Winds Tavern" and "I Dream of Unicorns":

"My brothers dreamed of space ships, and fighting men from Mars.  
Of building giant ringworlds, and flying to the stars.  
But I dreamed of unicorns and centaurs sleek and wise,  
Pegasus, the phoenix, and cats with golden eyes."

Anne Passovoy puts one of the oldest jokes in the book to the tune of Buffy Sainte-Marie's "Johnny Be Fair", in "Starship Unity". The space ship captain's daughter is interested in several of the young men of the crew, but each time her father tells her that it can never be, because he himself is the lad's father too. So she goes to her mother for advice, and of course you know what her mother tells her. This gag is probably about five minutes younger than the incest taboo.

My personal favorite in the collection, after "Hope Eyrie" is "Song of the Shield-wall" by Debra Doyle and Melissa Williamson. It reaches me as a man of Saxon ancestry, whose ancestors are here sung of. "For Hengest has promised us land for our fighting, Land for the sons of the Saxons to hold." It is nothing less than a history of Anglo-Saxon England, from Hengest to Harold, in four verses.

Other favorites are also represented: "When I Was a Young Man", taken from Peter S. Beagle's The Last Unicorn and sung to the tune of "The Ash Grove"; two accounts of the notorious Lime Jello Incident; Bob Asprin's "Fafhrd's Hangover"; an Irish song from Poul Anderson's "The Avatar"; and Anderson's "Ballad of the Three Kings". You've heard them all at the late parties at cons - now get the words and chords right.

#### ANOTHER HITCH WITH MILITARY FILK

ANAKREON #5 was devoted principally to military filk-songs, and drew comments from a couple of war-game designers. David C. Isby writes:

"The military filksong is a subject long dear to my heart. The version of 'North Atlantic Squadron' on page one is obviously Canadian, as is evident from the reference to 'hicks', 'sticks', and 'one-six-one', that being 161 Squadron, RCAF, who flew, I think Canadian-built Catalina amphibians on ASW patrols. 'Vera Cruz' should, of course, be Jamaica.

"One should not overestimate the effect of bowdlerization, especially on Victorian and Edwardian music. I refer you to the account in Anthony French's Gone for a Soldier in which a group of Tommies in France try and find out the meaning of the word 'whore'. Of course, they were from a 'posh mob', the Civil Servants' Rifles, before they were sent in to the Somme.

"Vietnam produced a fair number of songs, mainly in high-cohesion, high-morale outfits, such as the copter pilots and airborne. 'Blues' are teams of armed helicopters, rather than helicopters themselves. Flechettes are amusing dart-shaped projectiles. I can recall the words to 'The Ballad of the Co Van My' circa 1965-66 (to the tune of 'The Wabash Cannonball') and other bits and pieces. The list is fairly extensive, so you need have no fear about the decline of military filk in Nam.

"The Nofi treatment of 'Bugout Boogie' should point out it is to the tune of 'Movin' On'. The other verses I know are:

"Baby why you look that way at me,  
Just because I give you VD?

"The Chinks came up Hill One Five Five,  
While we hauled ass in overdrive.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,  
If the Chinks don't get you, the Air  
Force must.

"If there's any two things I can't stand  
It's a North Korean and a Chinaman.



"A million Chinks came over the ridge  
Moving like hell for Pintall Bridge."

"Etc., Etc. I'm sure a few slipped my memory. By the way, the chorus is:

"We're movin' on  
We're burning gas,  
We're movin' in,  
We're hauling ass.  
When you hear the patter of little feet,  
It's the \_\_\_\_\_ in full retreat."

You insert the unit of your choice. 'Second Division' does nicely.

"May I add to the Bibliography:

"Martin Page, Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major, 1973, London, Granada

"Martin Page, For Gawdsake Don't Take Me, 1976, London, Granada

"C. H. Ward-Jackson and Leighton Lucas, Airman's Songbook, 1967, Edinburgh

"The first two are quite well done and also available in paperback. The third is good but poorly bowdlerized - 'poorly' in the sense that you know what the actual words were.

"Good stuff."

And Albert A. Nofi adds:

"In Nicholas Monserrat's Monserrat at Sea there are two verses from a World War II British minesweeper's song to the tune of 'a well-known hymn',

"Sweeping, sweeping, sweeping,  
Always bloody well sweeping."

Monserrat quotes no more on the grounds that the ditty is 'exceptionally unquotable'. Can anyone supply the balance of the verses so we can find out why?"

But now it's time to turn from past to future wars. In fact, future wars are likely to be so short and hectic that if we don't write military folksongs for them in advance they're likely never to get written, even if there is anyone left to sing them. Tom Lehrer's "So Long Mom, I'm Off to Drop the Bomb" and "We Will All Go Together When We Go" are in this new mode. And, with mercenary soldiery coming back, they must also get into the act. I put a draft of this next item into ANAK-REON #4, but could not then think of a suitable tune. Acting on Fred Kuhn's excellent suggestion, I am here re-writing it and suggesting the tune of the hymn "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus".

#### The Mercenaries' Hymn

We are the Mercenaries!  
Your money for our lives.  
If paid, we trash your foemen;  
If not, your homes and wives.  
So long as you keep paying,  
We are a loyal band.  
If stated in our contract,  
We'll sack our native land.

We'll hire you out our bodies  
For any strife you name,  
And afterwards we'll call on  
The girls who do the same.  
We'll rape but never quarrel,  
We're brothers, every one,  
Our differences we settle,  
Like Hawkwood split the nun.

We lack ideals and morals,  
We do not wear a brand.  
For gods or creeds we care not;  
We worship cash in hand.  
At Rome our Catholic soldiers  
Went looting with the best.  
At Magdeburg the Protestants  
Just plundered like the rest.

Against a good commander  
We'll ask a higher price,  
But if his name is Vasa,  
We'll think about it twice.  
Against a great commander  
We'll fight and never shirk,  
But if his name is Cromwell,  
We're booked for other work.



We're staging now a comeback  
 For anyone who'll pay.  
 As Machiavelli knew us,  
 Is how we are today.  
 If you would grab a nation,  
 And need some fighting bad,  
 We Soldiers are of Fortune,  
 So you just place an ad!

There's tropic mines and forests  
 We'll gladly seize for you.  
 If we are sure of, daily,  
 A Krugerrand or two.  
 We'll travel where you send us,  
 By land or sea or air,  
 But if it's to Angola,  
 We have no men to spare.

The next time the Dorsai come strutting into a convention, just strike up this song for them. The reference to Sir John Hawkwood and the nun refers to an incident during the sack of Cesena, in 1377. The famous English mercenary captain had hired out to Pope Gregory XI to put down a rebellion. During the three-day sack, he found two of his soldiers fighting over possession of a nun. With Solomon's wisdom, he cut her in two.

But the mass army of conscripts is still the military basis of the major nations. With this in mind, we also need a

#### Cadence Count for the Next War

Hear those guns and Senators roar!  
 Great Big America is going forth to war!  
 See those tanks and cannon pass!  
 Great Big America is gonna kick some ass!  
 See those planes and rockets fly!  
 Some small country is soon gonna die!  
 Hear those po-lice sirens whine!  
 All the home folk better stay in line!  
 See ~~that~~ Dow-Jones rise so high!  
 Pay your taxes, pray, and die!

#### STAR WARS FILK

by Eluki bes Shahr

((It is a pleasure to turn from military filk to these contributions from Eluki bes Shahr, whom I am trying to persuade to join our merrie company of revellers.))

To Saint George in England

(Tune: "To Anakreon in Heaven", etc.)

To George Lucas in England, where he stood on the set  
 Of the latest addition to the Star Wars Tradition,  
 A small group of fen, both Neo- and Tru-  
 Sat down with a bheer and composed a petition.  
 'Let the laser guns roar,  
 'There be battles galore,  
 'And please, will you tell us, who's really Luke's dad?'  
 Oh George, never end the tale you have begun,  
 Until May 21st, the year twenty-oh-one.

#### Corellian's Lament

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean")

My Wookiee is down in the Caverns  
 Repairing my pirate starship.  
 I want to get back to my Wookiee  
 And give Jabba's hunters the slip.

CHORUS: Bring back, bring back, bring back my Wookiee to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back, bring back my Wookiee to me!

The Evil Darth Vader is hunting  
The Rebels - to end their attacks.  
I got myself bronzed down on Bespin  
And now I can finally relax.

CHORUS:

Now Leia and Luke have each other,  
And Lando has gotten the Bird  
It's a helluva end for a movie,  
But Star Trek was just as absurd.

CHORUS:

### The Friggin' Falcon

(A song of the Later Galactic Empire, sung in the Pilot's Mess aboard the  
I. S. D. Executor in the period following the Hoth Campaign.)

Oh we chased her off of Mandalore  
We chased her off of Hoth  
And round each and all of Yavin's many moons,

From the Fire Rings of Fornax  
To the wastes of Tatooine  
We will chase the friggin' Falcon 'til we drop.

CHORUS: Oh yes she is the Falcon, yes the friggin' friggin' Falcon  
And she's 'herded' by a madman and a mop.  
And he doesn't seem to know, that there's places she won't go,  
And we'll chase the friggin' Falcon 'til we drop.

Oh we chased her off Ord Mantell  
And into hyperspace  
As we chased her off of Kessel long ago

From the Tion to the Death Star  
And on to Alderaan  
We will chase the friggin' Falcon 'til we drop.

CHORUS:

Lord Vader sends out TIE-fighters  
In groups of twos and threes,  
And Imperial Destroyers by the score

But she's never ever there  
And we can't find her anywhere  
But we'll chase the friggin' Falcon 'til we drop.

CHORUS:

A note on the text: All the place-names are canonical for the Star Wars verse, tho' "Tion" comes out of the Brian Daley Han Solo books. I know there is another song called "The Friggin' Falcon" (where do you think I got the idea - what do you want, originality?) and my only excuse for this one is that these pilots are from a galaxy long ago and far away and can't be expected to have heard it.

The Millenium Falcon is also 'the Bird' referred to in the last verse of "Corellian's Lament".



SING SPIEL

(SgSp)  
9th Stanza  
for APA-Filk #9, #9, #9

Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St.,  
1/12/81 Brooklyn, NY 11229  
1212-336-3255

Our subject again is kidfilk. Even before the POPEYE movie opened, my 7-year-old nephew knew this old chestnut:

I'm Popeye the Sailor Man,  
I live in a garbage can,\*  
I turned on the gas  
And I burned off my ass,  
I'm Popeye the Sailor Man  
- Toot toot!



\*Remember "Superman in the garbage can"? -- which leads us into...

Jingle bells, Batman smells,  
Robin laid an egg,  
Batmobile lost a wheel  
And Joker got away. ((Yes, I know that doesn't rhyme.))

I have a LIVERPOOL SCENE tape from the '60s with 'words' to the BATMAN theme ("Help us out in Vietnam, **Batman...**").

At my school, we sang the "Our fathers' God, to thee" stanza of "America" (even today I had to look up how that's written out!) instead of "My country, 'tis of thee" so no "My country's tired of me." At Bob Lipton's alma mater, neither is now sung (or mumbled). The following patriotic song sometimes is:

Yankee Doodle came to town riding on a baby,  
And everytime he turned around he saw a naked lady.

1/13:: I went down to Philcon (as opposed to Filkcon) with a deerstalker-topped Bob Lipton. It seemed appropriate that two filksingers (philcsingers?) were given Room 1812--a nice overture. It was good to see Lee Burwasser and Harold Groot (extra panda pix?) again.

Christmas Eve, Lipton, Ray Heuer and I joined John Boardman and various Christian and Jewish agnostics and atheists for caroling. As the streets were icy, my repertoire included "Slip Sliding Away." It was C# or Bb.

John Lennon's murder was a real shocker. He and the Beatles revolutionized '60s music and styles and he was a good person.

THE MELODY LINGERS: Comments on APA-Filk #8

SILLY SYMPHONIES/Dana Snow: Gee, and here I thought you were innocent and reverent! (I've also seen one of your APA-69 zines.) // Doris Day has no business in any Strek song (irrelevant to their universe) but you do cleverly use Alexander Courage. // I believe Asimov reprinted "Clone of My Own" in one of his F&SF columns. (By the way, our own Dr. Boardman now has a similar type of column in the sf/wargaming magazine Ares.)

ANAKREON #8/John Boardman: Words without end, amen. (300 verses now?)

SOMETHING OF NOTE/Bob Lipton & STRUM UND DRANG/Lee Burwasser: Arf.

I've picked up a copy of the WESTERFILK COLLECTION; I know Bob got one and John has his contributor's copy. Jordin, none of us want to re-explain what a giant, barded heavy warfrog is.

FILKSONGS OLD & NEW/Harold Groot: I really liked "Those Were the Days." Have we lost our sensawonder as Mars and Venus became impossible settings for sf and space opera? The real spaceprobe photos are quite marvelous in themselves. In a way, this is like Bob's "Where Have All the Martians Gone?" Such plots have had to be moved further into the future to shift their settings to other star systems, everyone.

To finish off, as I have several other apa deadlines around now, a London couple I met this summer (she's Argentinian) sent me a tape of them singing, "We wish you a Merry Syphilis and a Happy Gonorrhea" but it was nothing to clap about.

♪♪

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# QWXB!!5 in APA-Filk

Gregory A. Baker,  
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87-50 125th Street, Richmond Hill, NY 11418

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION - No mailing comments this ish because I have been very busy on other projects, save one for Harry Andrushak about zero-beat tuning: It's fine if you have an oscillator to tune your instrument, but I don't and I have a bad time telling if a note is off any other w-ay. Therefore, I use what I can and it works very well.

## A SIME/GEN FILKSONG

Mama Don't Want no Shiltpron Players Round Here

Sarcastic remarks

Mama don't want no shiltpron players round here,  
Mama don't want no shiltpron players round here,  
Well, I don't care what Mama allow,  
Play that shiltpron anyhow,  
Mama don't want no shiltpron players round here.

Gens verse. Does  
anyone read the  
Sime/Gen books?

Play shiltpron, exciting selynic senses until you get very "drunk" and regret your action after killing your best friend.

Mama don't want no Distect channels round here,  
Mama thinks Distect channels raise up fear,  
Well I don't care what Mama says to heed,  
I'll go to a Distect if I'm in need,  
Mama don't want no Distect channels round here.

Distect is bound for  
glory, Distect...

Enough of that nonsense. Now to this nonsense.

A CON REPORT/ Lastcon, Albany New York, Jan. 1981

Lastcon was a pretty good convention for filksinging. Besides the one filksinging party that Phil Chien attended, there was another one which Roberta Rogow and I set up in the con suite on Saturday night. Phil Chien and company filled the room and we couldn't have gotten in to save ourselves, which is why we started the second, but all went well. We basically gave a improvised concert of our own and some other's works; Phil stuck to the book, The Westercon Filkbook. Thus, filkfen got an example of both styles. Marc Glasser, Beyond the Fringefan, was there at our party, and rotated with me on numbers. He did I Know The Plot", and Fred Kuhn's "Making Wookies", or "Star Whores". I tried out two new numbers, "Zafod Beetlebrox and Me" and "Dreams". Roberta, who has had slightly better luck than me in writing, had four new ones. We sang ourselves hoarse and were happy to see the con end.

The tables were filk-oriented; one dealer had a Clam Chowder tape and records, and was selling the material such as the Westercon book. I leafed through, but did not buy. Most of the material was Leslie Fish's, and I already have enough of the Fish in my pirate collection. Filthy was not there, to my regret and some fen's relief.

DREAMS

by Gregory Baller

Original tune-~~Sorry~~, I can't write music quickly.

I once knew a little boy who revealed his only joy  
Was in reading science fiction all alone.  
He read "universe" and Rama and was caught up in the drama  
Of the giant ships that spun and fell and shone.  
But nobody seemed to care, though he tried so hard to share  
In the powerful examples that he'd seen,  
But you just imagine, son, if you think you're only one.  
Many people out there share your every dream.

Hang on son, for you're not the only one.  
Many share in your dream about the air.  
By and by, we'll be living in the sky  
And our destiny no longer will be dreams.

There were once two men named Wright who were told that powered flight  
Was impossible; no man would ever fly.  
But the Kitty Hawk December is the one that we remember  
On that day the fragile Flyer kissed the sky.  
Robert Goddard heard the jeers, but he never heard the cheers.  
It's a shame that Robert Goddard died too soon.  
But don't mourn for him, you see; Goddard earned his victory  
On the day the Eagle touched down on the moon.

Hang on son, for you're not the only one.  
Many share in your dreams about the air.  
By and by, we'll be living in the sky  
And our destiny no longer will be dreams.

There are narrow-minded fools with their bureaucratic tools  
Weighing destiny in stacks of dollar bills.  
They don't see that far ahead, their concerns will all be dead,  
But the wealth that space brings can't be kept in tills.  
Knowledge has no asking price, like tobacco, tea or spice  
Which the Europeans searched for in our streams.  
For the spice was shipped away, but then others came to stay  
For America, like space is home for dreams.

Hang on son, for you're not the only one.  
Many share in your dreams about the air.  
By and by, we'll be living in the sky  
And our destiny no longer will be dreams.

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Included in APA-Filk #9 to snare the unwary by Harold Groot, Apt. 713


1100 Penn Center Blvd.  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

FILKERS DO IT 'TILL DAWN  
verse 3, part 1  
(formerly Filksongs Old and New)

The name may be changed, but don't get your hopes up. This is still the same ~~garbage~~ type of material as previous issues. I just like the phrase. I have it on a button, I've written a song about it, and I was tired of the old title anyway. I was still in the filking Goshwowboyoboy stage then.

A lot of cons, SCA events, and practice have happened since the last APA-Filk. I've put my performance book together in more durable and manageable form (double sided Xerox and 7-ring binder). I still found time to read APA-Filk, though, so you'll just have to sit back and suffer through some

Grace Notes

- John- ScAdians seem to be more masochistic then fen - they actually sing ROTR.
- Bob- Zzzzzzzzzzzzz. I do agree with your review of Fred Kuhn's album.
- Mark- I finally got to see an episode of Dr. Who when in Florida. It's interesting, but I don't think it would be enough to make me buy a TV if they started showing it in Pgh.
- Lee- Lady Mark is much better when the story is known...See my comment to RBL.
- Margaret- Since I sing Mary O'Meara, does that make me female or Bob Asprin? Which would be worse?
- Jordin- Welcome Back 
- Dana- (The rest of you can go out for a pizza or something - this is going to take awhile) A challenge ladder is a list of players, roughly in order. Newcomers start at the bottom. Players challenge higher-ups, and if they win they move to the spot just ahead of their victim. Ladders tend to attract most of the better players... So far I have not edited songs written by others - Gory, Gory (Rock-climbers) was put in with all the original glitches. That doesn't mean you can't change them...NMR is No Moves Received and applies to games by mail...Each supply center can support one military unit (fleet or army)... In case Greg misses again, Young Man Mulligan is sung to I Was Born About 10,000 Years Ago and The Biggest Thing That Man Has Ever Done. They are designed to be sung by 2 people alternating. The first claims to have been in the Garden of Eden, so the second claims to have built it, etc. I can't see how it can be done with SF vs Fantasy, but I didn't invent the game so I just follow the rules.

A Most Instructive Con

November marked my second Philcon, and just like at the first I didn't see any of the programming. I made it in Friday night around midnight, checked in, grabbed #8 from RBL, and headed to the filksing. I entered the room and there was an enormous (well, by my standards) cheer - for the guitar. I had the only one. I wound up playing 90% of the songs, and singing 80%. Lee took a few, and someone showed up later with another guitar (but he didn't know any filksongs). Lee also helped out by making sure I got a Singer's Share of liquid to wet a very overworked whistle. Now, before I go on I'd like you all to know that I'm not a drinking man. I tried it once.... But let me



admit right now that I was warned. It was the only liquid there, and it didn't taste strong. So I had about a dozen cups between midnight and dawn.

It was Bhlog.

Liam had brought a couple of gallons of it. Lee and I got most of it, and I was God's Own Drunk and a Filking Man. That's when I saw the... I had had a few cups (on an empty stomach, of course), but was really not noticeing any effect. Lee took a song, handing me a full cup, and I downed it upright, just like... Anyway, I was about halfway through the next song when it hit. But I was cool about it. I looked down to see if my hands were still attached to my wrists. They were. In fact, the fingers were still playing the song. So I resumed singing. If it could still be called that. My voice tended to wander a bit.

The next night I ran a Judge's Guild Dungeon, so no filking.

I learned a lot, both nights. A most instructive con.

#### Vacation Bliss

The weekend before Thanksgiving was Gold Coast Party, with around 40 fen. Diana Gallagher organized it in Boca Raton, Fla. (naturally). I managed to get invited not only for the party, but the entire week afterward as well. So I filked, and swam, and had an excellent Thanksgiving dinner. Diana and I were videotaped, in color, for 3 or 4 hours. As far as I know, that's the first videotape of a filksing.

I really hated to leave.

#### Time for SCA

Lastish had the first 40 verses of the Ninja and Samuri Sam. The last page, with three more verses, and the music, disappeared between typing and repro. Most of you got copies which I (too) hastily threw together. I'll put the music and verses in here, but I want to repeat my thanks to all the great people at Crown Tourney, where I got several really good songs. The Ninja, and Just a Rogue, and Dragons Fly on Freedom's Wings, and several others. They were all received well, any time I played them.

The copyright on the Ninja, of course, goes to Carolyn. Thanks again.

December was SCA time, with events in W. Vir. and Pgh. Clown Tourney was especially fun.

#### Back to Sci-Fi

January is the time of Hexacon, a rather small (approx. 175 fen) con. The filksings were intimate (i.e. poorly attended), but we made the evening news for roughly 30 seconds. Myself, Fiat (with Phil Chien attached underneath), and a femmefan. Phil got it on videotape. But that was not the end of my media blitz - copies of the Florida videotape were circulating (and being copied). And Margaret Middleton tells me that 50 Tribbles will be on the Filkcon II highlights tape. Does this triple play (pun intended) qualify me for Filkmeister (Bob? Mark? Greg? Any other <sup>guild</sup> member who reads this?)?

#### Wonderful Confusion

This past weekend was The 9 x 10<sup>9</sup> Names of Confusion, and it was excellent. Confusion seems to attract really terrific fen. I made a



bunch of new friends, and had some wonderful times with old ones (especially Margaret Middleton at Sweeney's, and crashing with Toronto Fen). The masquerade ball is a great idea. People mingle with those in costume, getting to see them up close or even dance with them. The judges mingle secretly too. Much better than a stage, panel of judges, and an endless line of costumes such as at Noreascon. To the audience, the Ball's advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. I loved seeing a creature of fur and fangs dancing in a circle with two small children.

The filksinging was very good also. Around midnight on Friday I counted a dozen guitars, an autoharp came later, a flute, and several people who either borrowed guitars or did without. The group included myself, Margaret Middleton, Steve Simmons, Cliff Flint, Bill Roper, Bob Asprin, Murray Porath, Mark Bernstein, John Hall, Catherine MacLamore (the one from Filkcon singing Centauri Fair with me), Jan, Naomi, Sue, and a few others I can't recall the names for right now. Oh yes, We had Dena I-Need-A-Capo Mussaf, with castanets and finger cymbals in addition to her flute and guitar.

To top off the singing (after two very fine nights), about two dozen of us went to Chiam Sweeney's Pub to hear Marty Burke sing. He played for about 4 hours that night. The man is simply terrific. Tapes are available, and they are good, but they can't capture the in-person sound nor the jokes, facial expressions, etc. (Margaret sells the tapes if you're interested)

I've just been playing back the tapes of the regular filksing. I thought I might have some trouble putting them in their proper order, but I needn't have worried. All I have to do is listen to my voice quality (for Saturday, anyway). I had been sipping Tully (pause...) during the evening, but I hadn't had much. The Bob Asprin sat down next to me, filled a glass with ice, filled it with Tully (pause...), and explained that "You drink it like Kool-Aid". So I did. I guess maybe I didn't learn as much at Philcon as I thought. He also proposed several toasts, etc. As a result, I had about a half-liter of Tully (pauhe...hic). Vocal precision and tone went down the tubes when the liquor went down the hatch. I did learn a most marvelous way to cure the hiccups, though...

#### On to the Songs

Normally I have a few ideas floating around in my head, so I can pick and choose as to which one I want to work on. This has changed since lastish. I've had a couple of tunes plop themselves in my head saying "I'm going to keep going around in your head until you write a song to me." No immediate ideas, just this tune. The first time it happened I started twice, one version nice and the other ose. I eventually finished the ose version, even though I preferred the other one on principles. I just couldn't finish it. Still, my very first ose song has gotten good reviews. It's called The Falling Rain. Then the tune Patches got stuck, and I had a terrible time with it. But I have managed to come up with a song for it. Unfortunately, the tune is still with me. So I'll publish it and see if it goes away (that's what happened to If You're Going). Patches could use a few patches itself, but I have other songs I want to work on. I managed to get a quick verses and chorus for a Marty Burke Song, but it was through the interference. The trip to Sweeney's cost a vacation day, but it was well worth it. The trip will undoubtedly become a regular feature, as long as Marty's playing.



## The Falling Rain

by Harold Groot

Tune: Rhythm of the Rain

C F  
 Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain,  
 C G7  
 Telling Man just what a fool he's been.  
 C F  
 I wish that it would stop and let me cry in vain,  
 C G7 C  
 Among the ruined World of Men.

The city that I lived in is a rubbish heap,  
 And there my wife and daughter lie.  
 But I was in a coal mine half a mile deep,  
 Among the few that did not die.

F Em  
 Rain falling on a world that's turned to hell,  
 F C  
 Rain just as deadly as the bombs that fell  
 Am D G7 C G7  
 Rain running down the slope to seek the place where we dwell.

The coal mine where we live can't be our home for long,  
 Unless we get the things we lack.  
 So someone must go where the radiation's strong,  
 And bring the food and tools back.

Three dying men to salvage what we need,  
 Three women down below who bear our seed.  
 My hair is falling and my gums have started to bleed.

Before you call me Hero and begin to cry,  
 Just contemplate my future life.  
 It's easier by far to donate genes and die,  
 So now I go to join my wife.

C Am C Am  
 Oh, listen to the falling rain: pitter-patter, pitter-patter  
 C Am C Am  
 Oh-h-h listen, listen to the geigers too: chitter-chatter, chitter-chatter  
 C Am C  
 Oh-h-h-h listen, listen to the falling rain



# Patches

by Harold Groot

Tune: Patches

<sup>G</sup> Out on the freightline that <sup>C</sup> goes through the <sup>G</sup> ast'roids  
A ship in distress with a <sup>C</sup> hole in its <sup>D7</sup> side.

<sup>G</sup> Air was escaping, alarm bells were <sup>C</sup> ringing

The Captain was searching the ship as he <sup>D7</sup> cried <sup>G</sup>

<sup>D7</sup> "Patches, oh what can I do?

<sup>C</sup> I'd swear I packed some of you. <sup>G</sup>

<sup>C</sup> To plug up the gap, and to <sup>G</sup> fix our <sup>Em</sup> mishap,

<sup>G</sup> Patches, I need one or two. <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>

Through every locker the Captain went searching,

He finally found lists of where things were stored.

It said that he should have no cause to worry,

The patches were kept in room one-twentyfour. (and he said)

"Patches, go get some from there,

While I check our reserves of air.

Damage control, go seal up that hole,

With patches, please bring me a pair."

I hear the first mate telling the Captain

"That was the room where the ast'roid came in,

And in that whirlwind we lost all our patches."

The Captain tried swearing, but the air was too thin. (so he wheezed)

"Patches, we must improvise

If we would save our own lives.

Get leftover stew, and some scrambled eggs too,

And nail it down with some french fries.

(we knew it would hold- the cook's  
dad used to work at Mama Rosa's)

Sunday at Sweeney's  
by Harold Groot

Tune: Windmills (Circles)

On Sundays past, when the Con was all over  
Fen wandered away, driving home in a daze.  
But at Confusion, the fun is just starting  
At Chiam Sweeney's Pub, where our Marty Burke plays.

And around, and around, and around turn the tape reels.  
Then two feet backwards while Marty retunes.  
We are the Truefen who go to Chiam Sweeney's,  
And we hope that the next time of gathering is soon.

From far to the east, in the steep hills of Pittsburgh  
From Arkansas' plains, and from Oklahoma.  
Fanclubs sprang up all among the Midwestfen  
And soon they'll reach both shores of America.

The Ninja and Samuri Sam  
(last 3 verses) by Carolyn Sweeny

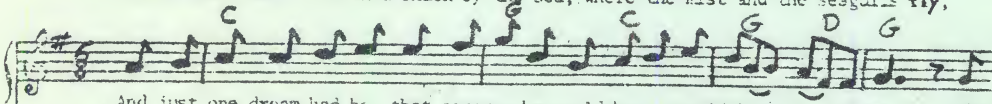
So a legend was born, and it spread through the land  
Of a lad who could kill with no trace.  
Who killed Samuri Sam, with no weapon in hand,  
So he died with a smile on his face.

Now the lad is quite happy at home by the sea  
And the myst'ry inside him he holds,  
For a hero is he, and he always will be,  
Just as long as his secret's not told.

And the Ninjas are trying, I've often heard say  
To uncover the lad's deadly plan,  
And they practice each day, but just can't kill the way  
That he killed the great Samuri Sam.



There once lived a lad in a shack by the sea, where the mist and the seagulls fly,



And just one dream had he, that someday he would be a great Ninja, by and by. Now

February will be two SCA events, March will have another two, plus MarCon. April has Balticon and Outreach. After that are Disclave, Midwestcon, InConjunction, Paracon, and possibly Rivercon. Denvention, probably not. SCA events as time allows, and of course the Pensic War. See you somewhere!

*Do It 'Till Dawn,  
Harold*



SOMETHING OF NOTE #9

...is produced for the ninth collation of APA-Filk, due to take place on  
on or about the first day of February in 1981, Common Era, Year  
of Our Lord 1995. This is turned  
out by Robert Bryan Lipton, 269A  
West 73rd. St., New York, N.Y.

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 400

10023 tel. [212] 877-1452. Begun 28 January 1981, but I can afford it,  
since this doesn't get done until I do it.

And John Boardman said, when he saw APA-Filk #8 and the discussion  
Lee Burwasser and I had: "Why don't you two write songs?" Well, John,  
I've got good news for you and bad news for you. The good news is that  
I've got four songs here. The bad news is that two and a half of them  
are Slobbovian.

DAD WANTS ME TO COME INTO THE BUSINESS

BY: Robert Lipton

TUNE: I Have to Admit It's Getting Better

My daddy goes by the name Darth Vader.  
He blows up planets just for kicks.  
He makes admirals die by staring at them.  
He wears cute hats and he does card tricks.

I once was a young Jedi Knight,  
A macho young punk in a fight.  
My foe wound up dead. I chopped off his head  
With a sword blade of amplified light.

But My daddy doesn't chop schlamazels' heads off.  
He'll stretch his arm out and break their bones.  
He says that it's incentive for politeness  
So I speak to him in gentle tones.

I never knew dad I was told that he died way back in the Clone  
Wars so all could be free;  
So he left me a sword, says that he's a Sith Lord and it  
doesn't make much sense to me.

My daddy goes by the name Darth Vader.  
He always dresses in basic black.  
Push him off a cliff or chop his dexter arm off.  
It doesn't faze him. He'll still come back.

ONE MORE TIME  
APA-FILK #8

COVER: Well, yes, you see there was nothing else to use.

SILLY SYMPHONIES #2 Your songs show some promise, but I think that  
DANA SNOW you're taking the easy way out too often. Also,  
fairly often, your pieces don't scan too well.

You have apparently used a new tune for 'Extry! Extry!' Please indicate



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the tune you are using or do the music up as Lee does for her obscurer songs.

Also, I would suggest that you decrease the volume of songs and increase the work you do on each. Liked "Housewife" but the scansion fails in the ninth line.

ANAKREON #8 And the job continues! Liked ##167=170, 172, 178, 189, John Boardman 190, 193, 200, 201, 203, 206, 207, 218-243, 245 & 247. 419 to go!

SINGSPIEL #8 Liked the OTR verse very very much. I'm not familiar enough with Dr. Who to suggest a rational change.

DRUM UND STRANG v.II #4 I think that we should call a truce on the subject with our borders intact. However, LEE BURWASSER you should be aware that it was not until about 100 years ago that 'n' and 'ng' were differentiated in English. See Swift's verses for confirmation.

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME! #6: Up to now I've Margeret Middleton heard only the first line of

"Guess I'll Go Eat Worms." Thanks (?) for presenting the full thing in print.

RSVP #1 The words to "Making Wookie" and most major Showstoppers DANA SNOW has shown up in either Filthy Pierre's Microfilk and/or the Westerfilk Collection. Filthy is probably the basic volume for filkers, despite his disregard of authors' wishes to not be printed and the horrendous reduction in print size.

I understand your comments about the Slobbovian songs, but please remember they are written for an audience that is or should be familiar with them; and, despite its obscurities, I keep hearing requests for 'Belching Behemoth.'

Last line should be 'Smiff' but, you see, when I was young, I had a speech defect (different from those I have now) in which thetas were pronounced as Fs, a fairly common error of the young. Besides, I was running out of rhymes for 'Smith.'

No, I will not xerox the Boskone Hymnal. First, I did not save a copy as I have the songs in other volumes. Second, you should be willing to make the investments. Besides Filthy Pierre, these probably include HOPSFA, WESTERFILK and KANTELE. I assume you're getting this. ■■■■ 'A Fearsome Monster, I' followed the rhyme scheme of "A Wand'ring Minstrel." ■■■■ Iggy clearly means 'Iguanacon' just as MAC refers to 'MidAmeriCon.' ■■■■ In singing 'Where Have All the Martians Gone?' I've found that I get best effect by shortening it from the printed version. Please bear in mind that these songs are written for a specific audience that will understand these references. ■■■■ I don't know what 'boxing glove' means in cockney slang.

HEMISEMIDEMIQUAVER #4 My compliments on the fine job you did on West- JORDIN KARE terfilk. It is handsomely packaged and well laid out. Liked 'Ballad of Three Fen.'



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FILKSONGS ONGS OLD AND NEW I rather liked 'Drill, Ye Dorsai, Drill.'  
 Harold Groot 'We Didn't Need the Stars' was nice but  
 I suggest you do some work on the chorus.

As for the others:

Drunken filkers at conventions,  
 Adding verses onto Mulligan:  
 They don't scan, rhyme or make any sense  
 And you sing them all off-key.

One for Dorsai, one for Star Trek,  
 And for Star Wars and for Doctor Who:  
 They don't scan, rhyme or make any sense  
 And you sing them all off-key.

Old Religions, also SCAdian,  
 One of filking, then too, D&D:  
 They don't scan, rhyme or make any sense  
 And you sing them all off-key.

To 'Matilda' or to 'Battle Hymn'  
 'Jesse James,' or to 'Little Boxes':  
 They don't scan, rhyme or make any sense  
 And you sing them all off-key.

Drunken filkers, stop your singing.  
 Don't add verses onto 'Mulligan.'  
 They don't scan, rhyme or make any sense  
 And you sing them all off-key.

...to 'Little Boxes,' of course. That one was not planned. I just did it off the top of my head. It was an easy trick, since I have yet to come across a filk of 'Little Boxes' that used any rhymes.

I have a bit of space before the next page, so let me explain the genesis of the next pair.

A few months ago, following John Boardman's and Greg Baker's bout of army songs, I got to thinking about 'Old Soldiers Never Die.' It is a fine song, but it struck me as a trifle too literary. Soldier's songs are invariably folk-processed into obscenities, and 'Old Soldiers' had only one in the published version, in the mess-hall section. I remarked on this to Al Nofi and suggested that Something Should Be Done. Al, as always, was agreeable, providing someone else did it.

So I did it. I did it as a Slobbovian song and Greg was incautious to admit it was good, after I asked him.

The 'original' version will appear second, however, as a post-script to the mundane version, which was written from it. You go figure it.

## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

VERSION BY: Robert Lipton

TUNE: Old Soliders Never Die

There is a troop depot,  
Far, far away,  
Where bastards steal my dough,  
Three times a day.  
Paper pesos! What a mess! Straight off the printing press!  
Each day worth less and less!  
Each day less pay.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.  
They can't afford to die  
Till they get their pay.

Back in my hometown, shit!  
Far, far away,  
My wife is getting it,  
Three times a day.  
She takes it on the bed, or standing on her head,  
From Sam or Joe or Red,  
And any way.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.  
They're all too stiff to die  
Till they get a lay.

There is a wood messhall  
Far, far away,  
Where we get sweet fuck-all,  
Three times a day.  
There's meal worms in the bread, sausage hard as your head.  
The tea leaves have gone dead.  
Tea tastes like clay.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die,  
They're all too starved to die,  
They just fade away.

There is a battlefield,  
Far, far away,  
Where shavetails never yield  
Three times a day.  
"We'll fight until we're beat, we'll die upon our feet,  
Until our men are meat,  
Then run away!"

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.  
Old soldiers never die.  
They've all run away!



## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE (SLOBBOVIAN)

BY: Robert Lipton

TUNE: Old Soldiers Never Die

There is a troop depot,

Far, far away,

Where some schmuck steals my dough,

Three times a day.

It's in Valgorian<sup>1</sup>, an old, old story an'

There is no glory in

What the Verks<sup>2</sup> pay.

Old Soldiers never die, never die, never die.

They can't afford to die,

Till they get their pay.

(SECOND VERSE IS IDENTICAL WITH VERSION ON PRECEDING PAGE)

There is a wood mess hall,

Far, far away,

Where we get sweet fuck-all,

Three times a day.

No meal worms in the bread, or what there are are dead<sup>3</sup>,The skumjas is all red<sup>4</sup> and tastes like clay.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.

They're all too starved to die,

They just fade away.

There is a battlefield,

Far, far away,

Where the gravfhorc raises shield<sup>5</sup>

Three times a day.

We'll fight until we're beat, we'll die upon our feet,

Until our men are meat, then run away.

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die.

Old soldiers never die,

They've all run away.

## FEETNOTE

1: The soldiers are paid off in Valgorian money. Although Venturia's

money is stable, they pay their soldiers in Valgorian money and glory. There's certainly no glory in soldiering and Valgorian money is worthless, even in Valgoria.

2: Vurklemeyers. The ruling family of Venturia.

3: Meal worms are considered a delicacy in food, since there is generally little protein in the diet.

4: Skumjas is alcoholic. Somehow, it has red and white forms. Only John Carroll knows how or why.

5: Gravfhore is approximately equal to 'short colonel.

# THE VICTORY OF OFFALAINIT<sup>1</sup>

TUNE: Tzene

BY: Robert Lipton

Novibazaar's<sup>2</sup> troops came down  
To take a Corese<sup>3</sup> border town,  
Their flags (and soldiers) high.  
One hundred shoggoths<sup>4</sup> in the rear  
As a reserve to stir up fear  
In Novis<sup>5</sup> who would fly.  
Hear Sanjakis<sup>6</sup> crying 'Budos Paraszt!<sup>7</sup>'  
Jockeying in the line so each can be last.  
~~As~~ They will hear hear the troopers say:  
"Here Confusion<sup>8</sup> wins the day!"

Cry Sanjakis : "We will be the master!  
We will all storm and sack Cormir<sup>9</sup> , damn and blast her!  
We will be religious and, all pray  
That here Confusion<sup>10</sup> win the day!"  
A Highlander,<sup>10</sup> his tanks a-shining,  
Mask-glass windexed, tired from wining,  
Wenching and from song,  
Stumbles forward, eyes a-bleary.  
As the Corese front comes near he  
Passes wind all loud and long.  
Corese forces fire on the sound's source;  
The Novi, to die, finds he has no recourse.  
As he sinks, the Highlander does say:  
"Here Confusion wins the day!"



"Say it loud and say it often  
And it will be true when I am rotted in my coffin.  
They'll believe and surrender, so say  
That here Confusion, here we win the day!"

"Break formation!" play the pipers<sup>11</sup>.

"We have been betrayed by vipers!  
Turn your tail and start to flee!"  
Troops with swords to keep us moving  
Haven't been shot, are reproving:  
Groin them in the knee<sup>12</sup>!

Watch the Novis fleeing from the Bleu Corps<sup>13</sup>,  
Each lox<sup>14</sup> essaying his butt to succor.

As they run the Sanjakis all bray:

"Here Confusion won the day!"

"Here Confusion won. It's an illusion  
That we're running, dead or dying, all delusion.  
It's strakhful<sup>15</sup>, agreeing when we say  
That here Confusion, here we won the day!"<sup>16</sup>

#### FEETNOTE

1: offalaintit is a small town in the Transslobvaal, occasionally the capital of the province.

2: C.D. Novibazaar, the ruler of the Revolutionary Sanjak of Novibazaar, and the chief personality of the States of Confusion, a rather disorganized confederation based in revolt against the Estates of Cor.

3: One of the adjective forms used in reference to the Estates of Cor. Other terms are 'Westard', 'Corean' and 'Corite.'

4: Blame Greg Costikyan.

5: 'Novis' are supporters of Novibazaar.

6: Sanjakis are people from the Sanjak of Novibazaar.

7: "Stupid Peasant"

8: The States of Confusion.

9: Cormir is the twin city of Cor (cf. Minneapolis/St. Paul) and the co-capital of the Estates of Cor.

10: The Underwater Highlanders, a military unit drawn from the province of Oleomargerine, who have perfected the use of the aqualung-bag-pipe.

11: You expected a military unit called 'Highlanders' not to have pipes?

12: Budos paraszt!

13: The Corese name their military units according to colors. Since the country is pseudo-French, the terms are also pseudo-French.

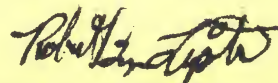
14: This is a pun. Figure it out.

15: In this case, 'respectful.'

16: Offalaintit has been held since the battle by the States of Confusion.

Well, I think that I'll cut it off here. As you can tell (at least, you should be able to) I am in the middle of moving and this strikes me as a propitious time to pack it in. The final Slobbovian song, "The Vurklemeyers" is still in the in-the-head stage and I should regale you all with it next time, to make sure you have your quota of Slobbovian songs.

Abyssinia,



Robert Bryan Lipton

Oh, whatthehell. A fragment I've just devised:

SKIFFY

TUNE: Mary

By; Robert Lipton

I read Amazing Stories and Bates' Astounding too  
And killer tomatoes seem to me as stupid as to you.

CHORUS      For it was s.f., s.f.,  
              (dull though acronyms may be);  
              But at the Black Lagoon, when starlets swoon,  
              It's just sci-fi.



THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME #7 for APA-Filks#9  
by Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, AR 72219

Greetings. For a while there I wasn't sure I was going to get this done this weekend. The flu does that to a body. You ever notice, also, how you get three weeks behind in letter-answering from being off one weekend to a con?

Last things first then; I'm a bit short on paper and may have to continue the mailing comments next time. Marty Burke has accepted ROC\*KON\*6's invitation as Fan Guest of Honor. Fred Saberhagen is to be Pro Guest, and Bob Asprin Toastmaster. Dates are Oct. 16-18, 1981. SASE for other info. Marty got officially adopted by filkfandom at ConFusion last weekend; we composed a song about him. Tune: "Pride of Petrovar" (Chad Mitchell Trio)

Well, Marty Burke; that's what our hero's name is;  
Throughout all fandom, his features they are famous  
And if we dig him, who is there to blame us?  
For isn't he the Pride of Sweeney's Bar?

Fans drive in a thousand miles each way  
Highway hypnosis: a price we gladly pay,  
And Sunday night we'll sing til break of day  
Right along with the Pride of Sweeney's Bar.

"Sweeney's" is Chaim  
Sweeney's Pub, in Dear-  
born, MI at the corner of  
Outer Drive and Pelham.  
Sundays is when Marty  
sings there. We dropped  
this on him while he was  
setting-up on Sunday eve-  
ning after ConFusion.

Sunday at Sweeney's after ConFusion was a thoroughly enjoyable experience and worth the trip all by itself in my opinion.

On to mailing-comments. DANA SNOW: I want to reprint the "Short Parody" in KANTELE sometime, along with a couple of other Star Trek shorties I've accumulated. Highod you have a one-track mind. So does your old man, apparently; I can think of several rejoinder-songs, but none of them are mine to print. I've gotta ask BJ Willinger if he'll let me run the "...King Kong Blues" in this rag sometime. The tune you don't recognize from #4 is from the Hee-Haw TV show. I thought everyone had sat in horrified fascination through at least one edition of that stack of corn! Backissues of KANTELE are available as follows: #1, #2, & #3 are 50¢ each; #4/5 (a double issue), #6, & #7 are 80¢ apiece on account of being about twice as fat and more costly to mail. #8 is in-preparation and can be advance-ordered at the same 80¢ rate. Make checks/MO's payable to THE FILK FOUNDATION and send them to the PO Box listed at the top of this.

JOHN BOARDMAN: Good ghod; again! I like #184, #231, and especially #145. BOB LIPTON: No hooks; I got a query at ConFusion for your address and backissue price info on this. You should be hearing from him shortly.

MARK BLACKMAN: No, actually, I don't know who. LEE BURVASSE: I love the SCA-dian "Lady Mary"! I've met Bearkiller at Memphis fannish/SCA-dian gatherings and can readily visualize the scene.

JORDIN KARE: Oh, goody! Saves me having to transcribe the three-fans song off my Noreascon tape. //800 is a small con? Oh, my. Californians really are different!

HAROLD GROOT: I think "Little Boxes" is by Pete Seeger. "Saturday Night at the Filksing will require some adaptation for me to sing, but it has verisimilitude. "We didn't need the stars" is a definite keeper, also. Was it you singing "Wasn't that a Filksing?" at ConFusion? Danni Lites sent me a set of verses for it too. I think they'll amalgamate well and can then be selected from according to the company present at any given sing.

'til spring...





# HEMI ♪ DEMI ♪ SEMI ♪ QUAVER

This is HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVER #5 (HDSQ for short) produced by  
Jordin Kare, 2523 Ridge Rd #315 Berkeley, CA 94709 for APA-Filk #9

21 January 1980~~1~~

Just a short contribution this time --

I've been sick for the last week or so, and am therefore behind on all sorts of mundane tasks. Also, although I've been doing quite a bit of writing, nothing has been finished lately.

I haven't been to any worthwhile cons lately (Orycon was not much for filking, though I did get to sing "Ballad of 3 Fans" for Poul Anderson, who wrote "Ballad of 3 Kings") and probably won't get to any for a while, possibly not until Westercon in July. Coming up this weekend is our second anniversary filk party -- it's been two whole years since our local group started getting together. Hard to believe.

Anyway, Forward Into the Past:

I still can't find #7. Oh well.

Dana Snow: (RE last paragraph, p. 9) No.

John Boardman: You're going to force me to write a verse to Old Time Religion about people who worship long songs. . .

RBL: I'm glad you don't expect us to go through such analysis regularly -- but I found it interesting, & I'm glad to see it done occasionally. As you say, ~~too~~ many people believe that they don't need to pay any attention to ~~such~~ detail, as long as they're being "creative."

I've never heard Fred Kuhn. Is the album worth buying "cold"?  
If so, how can I order it (or was that info in Apa-filk #7)

Margaret M.: RE Eating worms (bleah!) has anyone finished the song sung in the showre by the hero in "Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag"? Paczolt -- I wondered what his name was. I'd appreciate a full name & address for him if you have it. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Harold Groot: Thanks for "Ninja & Samurai Sam" -- other songs were fun too. "Drill ye dorsai drill" had become quite popular here, even among folks tired of dorsai stuff in general.

And that's it!

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